

resting place, and also a defence for the pilgrims, as this spot has ever been the haunt of the Arab robbers.

Several flocks of gazelles bounded across our path, and numerous herds of small black goats, with long silken hair and beautiful pendant ears almost reaching the ground, followed the steps of the goatherd as he led them along the different mountain-passes. The tinkling of their little copper bells, when heard among those solitary hills through which our road lay, had a pleasing effect, and helped to beguile the tedium of the way.

We had reached the hill country of Judea, and a complete change came over the scene. The eye was no longer refreshed with the verdant sward and the beauty of the plain which we had traversed after leaving Joppa. The hum of bees, the low of cattle, and even the music of the goat's bell, was no longer heard.

A solemn wildness reigns in those elevated regions, the hills of which rise in amphitheatres or rather in concentric circles, one above another. The strata of grey limestone protrudes its naked head through these hills at regular intervals, like so many seats in a stadium. There is no vestige of human beings, and the road becomes a mere horse-track, with scarcely room for two to pass a breast; yet the dreariness and monotony of the view is occasionally relieved by valleys & ravines clothed with low woods of dwarf-oak, which was then putting forth its young leaves and long green catkins; and here, for the first time in our travels, we met the thorn becoming white with blossom, and reminding us of the lawns and hedge-rows of our own far distant homes.

A few fields of corn showed by their fertility, caused by the moisture which is more abundant on these elevated regions than on the plains, what could still be effected by cultivation on the limestone soil of Judea, and on the terraces between each band of rock, which act as so many retaining walls. Much was originally, and much could still be effected in the growth of the vine and the olive on the sides of these hills. Those who exclaim against the infertility and barrenness of this country should recollect, that want of cultivation gives it much of the sterile and barren appearance which it now presents to the traveller. The plough in use in that country is one of the rudest instruments of any implement of the kind that I have ever seen. It resembles the ancient Egyptian plough, and it does little more than scratch the soil, making a furrow scarcely three inches in depth. (Pages 180-182.)

An hour and a half's ride brought us to the Terebinthine Vale, memorable as the battle-field on which the tripling son of Jesse prostrated the vaunting champion of the Philistines. A narrow bridge here crosses a small stream, in which it is said the youthful warrior filled his scrip with the smooth pebbles, one of which laid Goliath in the dust, and achieved a glorious victory for the army of Israel. The scene instantly calls to mind the position of the two armies placed upon opposite hills, with a valley running between.

The hill to the left is now occupied by a considerable village of low square Arab huts. Along the banks of the rivulet are some lovely gardens, adorned with apple-trees, apricots, almond-trees, orange and acacia-groves, together with rose-laurals, figs, and sycamores. (Pages 185, 186.)

Hippolite, our guide, now informed us that we were approaching near the Holy City, when all became excitement; enthusiasm appeared in every face, anxious hope beamed in every eye, each pressed forward beyond his neighbour. We quickened our horses' paces, and every turn and rising ground upon the road was gained with accelerated speed, in order to catch a distant view of the city. At length we arrived at an old marabout, where the country became more level, but still presenting the same stony character, and here we caught the first glimpse of Jerusalem, at about a mile's distance. The first object that attracted our attention was a line of dead wall, flanked by two or three square towers, above which could be distinguished a few domes and minarets. Such is the appearance which the city presents when seen from this point. Beyond the city, on the eastern side, rose a three-capped hill, whose highest point was surmounted by a white dome and one or two straggling buildings; its sides, which were studded with low shrubby plants, exhibited a brown and rugged aspect. This is the memorable Mount of Olives. Our party reined their horses, and stood

in motionless silence for some minutes, gazing on the scene.

The expectations we had formed respecting the appearance of Jerusalem were disappointed, but our enthusiasm had not in the least degree abated.

For myself, I confess that as I gazed upon the north-western angle of that solitary wall, sorrow came over my heart; no living thing could be seen on the intervening ground; nothing stirred, and solitude seemed to reign within its walls. It was then approaching towards the close of day, and every thing we saw appeared lone and desolate; so quiet and solitary did the city appear, that it looked as if its inhabitants had been asleep for years, and that we had come to awaken them from their slumbers. As we approached the city, the line of wall which we had first seen opened out and extended to the right.

We passed the upper pool of Gihon, and met a few Arab crones going with their pitchers on their heads to draw water from a neighbouring well. They appeared like so many of those witches described in works of fiction, coming forth to meet us from the silent city. Turning a sharp angle of the wall, we reached a large massive square building commonly called the Castle of David, and now the citadel of the modern city. To the left of it is the Jaffa gate, which was guarded by a few Egyptian soldiers, who offered no obstruction to our entrance. (Pages 187-189.)

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

GETHESEMANE.

Tread softly round that hallowed place,
The man of grief is there;
Tears are upon his sacred face—
He bows himself in prayer.

THIS interesting spot, made sacred by the presence and sufferings of the Redeemer, lies in the valley of Jehoshaphat, just at the foot of Olivet, a few steps over the Cedron. Though it is called a garden, it has no vegetation except eight large olive trees, and a number of small ones, which have been recently set out. The large trees are very old. Some persons assert that they are the same which stood there when our Lord used to resort thither. This would make them more than eighteen hundred years old. They are probably as much as eight hundred years old, and may be trees which have grown from those which were living when the Saviour was betrayed. This, however, is not important for us to know. The garden is now surrounded by a loose wall, which has fallen down in some places. The monks who have charge of it, show the place where the Saviour sweat drops of blood, where he prayed that the cup might pass from him, and where Judas kissed his Lord, but there is no certainty whatever about these localities. No one can know the exact spots where these scenes occurred. We only know that this is Gethsemane,—the place where our Lord used to sit with his disciples, where he prayed in agony, and was betrayed by a kiss. As such let us consider it now. We will pass over the frequent visits of the Saviour and his disciples, and speak only of that memorable night, when the incarnate Son of God was given into the hands of sinful men, to be crucified. It is late. The busy hum of the city has died away, and nothing is heard in the deserted streets but the heavy tread of the Roman guard. But while the unthinking multitude are lost in slumber, careless of what shall be on the morrow, there is one who sleeps not. The wearied Saviour has retired to Gethsemane to pray, for he knows that his hour is near. He is alone. His disciples have fallen asleep, and heed not the agony of their Master and Lord. The sins of men are laid upon him and he bows himself in sorrow. Great drops of blood start from his sacred temples and fall down to the ground;

He groans beneath the load of sin,
The mighty burden bears;
Salvation brings to guilty men,
By sweat, and blood, and tears.

As he looks upon the bitter cup which wicked men have prepared for him to drink, his soul is sorrowful even unto death, and he prays that it may be removed.—Yet, "Not my will, but thine be done." The struggle is over, and the Redeemer is ready to die. But see! a band of soldiers are scaling down the hill

from the city gate. Their suppressed voices, hurried steps, and glaring torches, tell that they are on no errand of good. Who are they? It is Judas and his companions. "Rise, Peter, rise, for the betrayer of thy Master is at hand." He comes—"Hail! Master, hail!"—and gives the traitorous kiss. "Ah Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Yes, the innocent Jesus is betrayed. The soldiers seize upon him, bind his hands, and bring him up to the palace of Pilate.

Now that the Saviour has gone, let us stop a moment and think. Why did he suffer thus in the garden? Why was his soul sorrowful and his agony such as to force blood from his body like sweat? Was it for his own sins? No. He was without sin. The man who condemned him to die, declared that he could find no fault in him. Why then did he thus suffer? It was for the sins of the world. It was for your sins and mine. That we might be saved from sin and hell, he gave himself to a life of suffering and sorrow, and a death of agony and shame. What shall we then do in return for this amazing love of our Lord? We have nothing to give but what was once given to us, and we can only offer him the earliest, noblest affections of our hearts. This is what he asks, and this alone. Wealth, honour, learning, or professions, of love he does not require, but the heart. And shall we not give this? Who can look upon the sorrow of the Saviour, and feel that he thus endured for him, and not be persuaded to repentance and faith? There is something so touching in the betrayal scene of Gethsemane, that our sympathies must naturally be with the sufferer, but let us be careful not to mistake this sympathy for love. The deep and steady affections of the heart must be upon Jesus. The saviour's work is finished, and we are left in the world to fill up what remains behind of his sufferings. Let us be diligent, then, in this great work, and follow the Lord, whithersoever he goeth.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

FELIX NEFF'S LETTERS.

1. *Letter on private religious meetings*, 6 October, 1823. "My beloved brethren of the church of Mens, do not think that by merely attending regularly public worship, you fulfil the commands of the word of God.

You readily see that at church, where no one speaks but the pastor, it is impossible to converse together for mutual edification. Besides, you are mingled in the house of God with a crowd of people who are ignorant of the Gospel, or do not believe it, and who cannot understand the language of Christian experience; so that, to bring them to the truth, the preacher is obliged to neglect in some measure the instruction of more advanced Christians. Now, if any one says that he is seeking the salvation of his soul, and yet feels no interest in these private meetings, you may be nearly certain that he has not the love of the truth, and that he is still far from being converted; for if he had a little life in his heart, and if he believed the Gospel, he could not deny that these fraternal meetings are good, useful, necessary, expressly recommended by the Lord. What, then, prevents them? Two things only: the love of the world, and fear of the world."

2. *Letter on lukewarmness in the faith*, March 25, 1824: "As for those who, after having found peace in believing in Jesus Christ, become lukewarm, I believe I can say confidently that this evil arises from neglecting prayer and meditation. They are content to know these things, but not to do them: they speak of the grace of God, but do not seek it; they know Jesus Christ, but do not desire to have continual intercourse with him; they are not Christians in their closet, and therefore they are not in religious meetings. We ought not only to go to the church to seek God, we ought to take him with us there; we ought ourselves to be the temples of the Holy Spirit. The source of life is not in ourselves, it is in God; and when we cease to derive it from Him by prayer, by reading and meditation, we become dry and barren. It is with our soul as with a pasture on the declivity of a